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THE CHILD OF PASSION.

Green

THE CHILD OF PASSION:

A POEM.

BY

E. BREWSTER GREEN.



MIDDLETON:

E. HUNT & Co.

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24.

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To
WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.

HONORED AND DEAR SIR—

In dedicating to you this humble effort of my pen, I very much regret that it is not more worthy the honor you confer upon it by permitting your name to stand at the head of its pages.

Respectfully,

Your ob't. servant,

The AUTHOR.

PS 1164
G25

TO THE PUBLIC.

IN submitting the following pages to your notice, it is with reluctance that I yield a name that has no title to literary honor, or claim to your favor, however much the recommendation of one would secure the possession of the other. However it is perhaps best that there should be some rallying point for critics—something that may serve as a target to receive their arrows, lest they should chance to hit some knight of the roving fancy who might not deserve them. At present men seem inclined to make the name of an author the object of their spleen rather than his works. To gratify this spirit of the age, and in obedience to the wishes of those who have urged the publication, I submit my name with the hope that if these form not an apology for its intrusion into literary notice it may at least serve to shield the book from many denunciations, by receiving them on its own publicity.

Your ob't. Servant,

E. B. G.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN. Oct. 25th 1837.

THE CHILD OF PASSION.

I.

BLEST theme of ages! still thou seemest to be
The fruitful garden where we yet may rove,
And from each vine, and from each golden tree,
Pluck richest flowers of passion and of love:
Within thy tempting walks I place my feet,
Oh guide them safely to thy blest retreat!

II.

My harp is strung, but with reluctant hand;
I strike its chords for aye it soon may be
Productive of a sound which o'er the land,
May spread in tones of deep discordancy,
And echo back in thunders still more dread,
Than Sinai's voice that woke the early dead.

III.

But why refrain since all we need is free,
 Pen, paper, ink, scribblers, printers, press,
 Thought, speech and action to a great degree--
 True, this is liberty I must confess ;
 The want of liberty is not my plea,
 But 'tis because that *every pen is free*,

IV.

My will is onward ! but my timid heart
 Dreads the reception that awaits my verse ;
 Increasing moments some new fear impart—
 Fear has too often proved man's greatest curse,
 A want of it perchance may now prove mine,
 Let's have the proof then for I'll woo the Nine.

V.

How frail so'er the pen, how weak the thought,
 How stale the style, or borrowed be the muse,
 How false the color, or how poorly wrought
 The painting may be, now I simply choose
 To write, and write I will, let come what may,
 Perhaps I'll better it another day.

VI.

I challenge not the pen, the press, the fool,
 For all may doubtless their opinions give,
 But humbly ask the observance of a rule,
 In all splenetic spasms “live and let live;”
 For pseudo-critics I care not a whit,
 Their knowledge is but arrogated wit.

VII.

Strike then the note and from thee, “grey goose quill”
 Of modern tribe let numbers sweetly flow,
 More in thy dash than in the poet’s skill,
 More in thy flourish than poor writers know;
 But be there more or less, strike for the worst,
 If pen and poet be forever curs’d.

VIII.

My subject here is called the “The Child of Passion,”
 Why thus ’tis named I offer no pretext,
 But I shall treat it as ’tis now the fashion,
 To speak of every thing except the text,
 And lastly speak of that, lest by old Homer,
 You swear my subject is a great misnomer.

IX.

Perhaps, confound that word! where is another
 That checks so much man's course to honest fame?
 Byron says "if" but if "if," is a brother,
 I know not where the other will find name,
 Unless among the nameless things of time,
 That claim no right to prose, much less to rhyme.

X.

Perhaps—here 'tis again, but I must use it,
 'Tis vain to blot it from the dictionary,
 So in this case 'tis best not to abuse it,
 How'er the mind may seek for the contrary,
 Twin-brother and synonome of stale "if,"
 In future I will shun thee as a bailiff.

XI.

Perhaps as critics you may swear an oath,
 Reject my verse to make your own fame fairer;
 But pray for Heaven's sake don't make out both
 The great misnomer, the subject and the swearer,
 For I should much regret to have my verse
 Condemned by those who are themselves a curse.

* * * * *

XII.

Man cannot live alone ; his restless soul
 Seeks where to dwell in unison divine,
 Where spirits gay surround the social bowl,
 And mind responsive echoes back to mind ;
 Where friendship's pledge with joyous sentiment,
 From heart to heart and soul to soul is sent.

XIII.

Man cannot live alone ; in solitude
 He pines in injured pride and pensive hope,
 The vapours of a cell are loathsome food
 To keep a bright and social spirit up—
 Where silence reigns there pensiveness inclines,
 Where silence reigns there melancholy dines.

XIV.

Man cannot live alone ; his spirit burns,
 To hold communion with its kindred flame,
 To mingle thought with thought—it madly spurns
 The vassalage of solitary fame,
 And ranges high and wide the ethereal dome,
 Talks with the stars and makes the world its home.

XV.

Man cannot live alone ; this glorious world
 Above, below, impels to intercourse ;
 Would you have from its orb a planet hurled
 Back into space by the Almighty force,
 To range in rayless gloom and never shine,
 Nor yet receive the light of fires divine ?

XVI.

In dungeons dark in deep ascetic gloom,
 In prison pit or cold monastic cell,
 In these no more than in the silent tomb,
 Was man's proud spirit ever made to dwell ;
 It seeks a happier clime, a brighter sky,
 A home of freedom and a world of joy.

XVII.

Where'er the foot of man hath marked its way,
 Where'er the tongue hath spoke or eye surveyed,
 This passion is the same, as well to day,
 As when the human mind at first betrayed
 It's want of strength to regulate the soul,
 And sway its sceptre o'er the embodied whole.

XVIII.

Seek we a character to suit our text?

No further need we seek in hope to find,
'Tis here; already formed, forever fixed—

A sealed impress in the immortal mind,
Breathed o'er the soul by the Almighty's breath,
Changed by no change—immutable as Death.

XIX.

Man is “The Child of Passion”—mark his course,
The wreck of fancy and the shred of zeal,
The waste of time and strength—a fallen force,
The blotted pathway of the vessel's keel,
A scene of scenes of pleasurable strife,
Which soon are born and blotted out of life.

XX.

Man is “The Child of Passion”—on his years
Crowd years of childhood clad in “sober guise,”
Fraught with delight and sadness, smiles and tears,
And hoary locks, grave brow and sunken eyes,
A “little lower than the angels,” he
Hath from his Maker got his destiny.

XXI.

Ambition is his god, he bows to none
 In reverential adoration more,
 Unseen by eye he worships at his throne,
 And at its feet his free libations pour :
 Strengthened by Hope he bathes his soul in light,
 That soon bewilders if not blinds his sight.

XXII.

Mark how he climbs the rugged steeps of fame !
 Mark how high his upward soul aspires !
 Bursting each fetter, onward still the same--
 Like the proud eagle when his bold flight tires,
 Poises in air to rest his wearied soul,
 Replumes his wing and gains the highest goal.

XXIII.

His course is onward—barrier may oppose,
 Barriers are scaled and opposition spurned,
 Or like a stream that strengthens as it flows,
 The Amazon whose course is never turned,
 Or as the captive when his chains increase,
 The more his spirit struggles for release.

XXIV.

The merchant at his desk adores its shrine,
 Too well beloved—the statesman at the bar ;
 The fop of fashion we'll not leave behind,
 Nor yet the hero in the “tug of war,”
 The faithful student for Ambition's spoil,
 Wastes his proud spirit o'er the midnight oil.

XXV.

From “petty tyrant,” monarch of the throne
 To humblest vassal garbed in human form,
 From high to low in every clime or zone ;
 In every age we meet Ambition's storm ;
 It is forever brooding in the heart,
 A spirit like to that of Bonaparte.

XXVI.

Proud spirit of the fallen ! lo ! thy strength
 Lies prostrate at the shrine thou didst adore,
 Curbed in its mad career of measured length,
 It fell by those it sought to triumph o'er :
 Though thou didst spurn the Alpine heights of snow,
 Yet now thy wild ambition is laid low.

XXVII.

'Tis not Ambition in the human breast,
 Nurtured by care and fed with cautious zeal,
 That breaks restraint and furnishes a guest
 To guide the storm of passion, like the steel
 That guides the direful lightnings fiercest dart,
 To scathe the soul and rend the peaceful heart.

XXVIII.

Without Ambition man would be a thing
 Of sluggish form, a mere automaton,
 A lifeless lump of clay, unfit to bring
 Those nobler powers to life which left alone,
 Would perish in the bud and cease to be,
 For want of that impulse which makes them free.

XXIX.

Go to the lands beneath the orient sun,
 Where the voluptuous in pleasures cloy,
 Go to the icy climes where winter's one
 Eternal reign—or seek a southern sky,
 That reddens with a robe of crimson light,
 Go where you will you'll find that I am right.

XXX.

Seek but to know, you cannot fail to find,
 The truths of Nature are to all revealed
 Who seek; let just Ambition spur your mind,
 And if perchance you meet with some concealed,
 God willed it thus—vain man cannot know all,
 Else he had known the nature of his “Fall.”

XXXI.

“The noblest study of mankind is man;”
 His easiest duty is to give advice,
 The fairest feature that we love to scan
 Is charity—a product without price,
 Take my advice, 'tis free and if 'tis wrong,
 Condemn the writer, but oh! spare the song.

XXXII.

Man is “The Child of Passion,” he loves gain,
 An avaricious soul 's ne'er satisfied,
 He wanders o'er the earth, he ploughs the main,
 Transforms his nature into selfish pride;
 For wealth he strains each nerve, perfects his skill,
 And bends his actions to a miser's will.

XXXIII.

The miser counts his gold and hoards his wealth,
 While yet his coffers groan with ardent spoil ;
 Gold is his god for which he wastes his health,
 His peace and comfort, and returns to toil,
 And toil and labor still, to hoard up more,
 And add an increase to his present store.

XXXIV.

He cannot have enough, his wants acquire
 A strength and number with his increased means,
 Desire supplied but creates new desire,
 And thus it is like passing through new scenes,
 The more we see the more we strive to catch,
 And keep our vision ever on the stretch.

XXXV.

How base the zeal that spurs the murderer's soul !
 How cold the heart that seeks no other's good !
 How vile the lips that drain the maddening bowl !
 How weak the appetite that needs no food !
 But weaker, viler, colder, baser still
 Than all of these, we find the miser's will.

XXXVI.

Curse of the social tribe! then shall we blot
 The register of time with thy dark name;
 Make its best pages foul as thy ill-got
 Treasures hath ever made thy empty fame?
 Stay! hand of mercy let a veil be cast
 In generous pity o'er the ungodly past.

XXXVII.

Seek not for truth in error; Palestine,
 Troy and Tyre, though fallen, still relate
 The history of their age, 'tis plainly seen,
 In what they were and what's their present state,
 But if you wish the present age to find,
 The heart's the truest mirror of mankind.

XXXVIII.

Man is “The Child of Passion;” every age
 Mentis que mundi has it plainly shown,
 A little Latin now is all the rage,
 'Mong poets, scribblers, who have titles won,
 To all the depths of fundamental knowledge,
 Obtained beneath the shade of some old college.

XXXIX.

Pardon the thought, we find it sometimes best,
 To rid our minds of what is uppermost—
 It is a passion with which some are blest,
 To execute without regard to cost;
 In other words, 'tis mine to speak at will,
 If for my thoughts I should be wished in h—ll.

XL.

I mean to speak as it becometh man
 To speak of man, whose spiritual image,
 And thoughts and actions he is prone to scan,
 And group them altogether on a page,
 Like painters, who in family groups unite
 The good and bad, in colors black and white.

XLI.

I mean to speak the truth—but that's all fudge,
 Who does not now love fiction more than truth?
 Which is the best I leave you all to judge,
 Truth is, but fiction must require forsooth
 A genius that can make it and away it,
 In garbs deceptive that will not betray it.

XLII.

I mean to speak—but what's the difference.
 Since men speak one thing when they mean another?
 Or taken in a more restricted sense,
 They forge out lies that would the devil bother,
 And then attribute it to the new fashion,
 Which only proves that man's “The Child of Passion.”

XLIII.

And so he is, it needs not repetition,
 Revenge and Hatred in his bosom dwell,
 Which like the Siroc in its lone condition,
 Sweep o'er the soul and make the breast a hell—
 A burning hell within of angry flame,
 And scenes without, which need no better name.

XLIV.

Mark the wild “frenzy” in the “rolling eye,” [brain,
 High heaves the breast and thought runs through the
 Like streams of lightning blazing through the sky,
 And heated blood flows through each bursting vein:
 Thought, passion, will, in one wild tumult rage,
 When all the powers of the soul engage.

XLV.

Mark the uplifted arm, the threatening blow !
 They follow on through time's succeeding change,
 Until at last they reach the long sought foe,
 And on his head pour full and free revenge.
 "Revenge is sweet" 'tis said, and yet forsooth,
 We've no desire to taste to know the truth. .

XLVI.

Yet there are moments when revenge is sweet,
 When taken in a state of noble pride,
 When with the smile of scorn we chance to meet,
 And give our foe the freedom he denied ;
 This is revenge enough, 'tis "sweet" and sure,
 And very seldom fails to make a cure.

XLVII.

A duellist in arms to seek redress,
 Is like a madman going out to war,
 He fancies all his wrongs and knows no rest,
 Until he espies his enemy afar,
 Then swells his mighty soul in injured pride,
 (False pride !) and falls his comrade by his side.

XLVIII.

Comment is needless, here 'tis only mine.
 To say what things are like and thus expose
 Their rights and wrongs, which you if least inclined,
 May put upon them what e'er name you choose,
 It matters not with me a single whit,
 Give them whatever name you think most fit.

XLIX.

“ All is vanity” Ecclesiastes tells us,
 Truth in the sentence, wisdom in the mind,
 While Pride exalts, 'tis Vanity that swells us
 Beyond the bounds that nature e'er designed,
 You've read the Fable of the “ Ox and Frog,”
 A hint will do your memories to jog.

L.

Spur up Pegasus! onward is my will—
 With time, my theme is growing very dull,
 Perge in via recta, and we still
 With a good long and strong and generous pull,
 And a pull altogether still may fetch it,
 And wisely strengthen as we need to stretch it.

LI.

It is a question, and is like to be
 A question still, unless there should occur
 Among men's minds some strange phenomena,
 Which many to the truth would much prefer—
 That's not the question—here it is in part;
 Which is the strongest passion of the heart.

LII.

Some think Revenge because it is more lasting,
 Some say 'tis Hope because it ever flatters,
 Some swear 'tis neither, and with all their blasting
 Bring forth as proof—but then it really matters
 But very little what they bring as proof,
 From all such controversies stand aloof.

LIII.

Water and opinions both are free,
 And we are left to take them at our pleasure,
 But ere we drink 'tis always best to see
 The springs of each, so as to safely measure
 A draught that will our present wants supply,
 And drink according to the quality.

LIV.

However that may be, if I should err
 In the last statement, I do not in making it,
 So you may give your own if you prefer,
 And forfeit all you say in staking it :
 Opinion then is free, mine is 'tis plain,
 If you don't like it give it back again.

LV.

But on this question, which I nigh forgot
 In my digression, I have not expressed it,
 Which long ago, dear reader, with one jot,
 Of Yankeeism you might well have guessed it ;
 Here then in plainest words, by all above,
 And all below, 'tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love !

LVI.

'Tis Love that binds the heart to all below,
 'Tis Love that holds the soul in mystic spell,
 'Tis Love that "bids the silent tear to flow,"
 'Tis Love that makes the impassioned bosom swell,
 'Tis Love that guides our purest thoughts above,
 We love to live and only live to love.

LVII.

Love guides the poet's pen, the warriors arm,
 Love shields the innocent, protects the brave ;
 Love gives to music its inspiring charm,
 And lights the pathway to the lover's grave—
 Love sweetens life, o'erruns its cup of bliss—
 Oh what is sweeter than "Love's honied kiss!"

LVIII.

There is maternal love, our mothers show it,
 And there is partial love, our soldiers feel it,
 And there's a kind of love that all who know it,
 Display it most when striving to conceal it,
 A "debt of love" 'tis called to those who owe it,
 Revealed to all except your humble poet.

LIX.

" 'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange," yet quite as true
 That I live thus unconscious of its power—
 What have I done? or what remains to do,
 That I may bask beneath its rosy bower ?
 Inhale its breath and drink its nectar dews,
 Taste its "first kiss" and woo its favorite muse ?

LX.

Be mine a gift of universal love,
 Love in its widest sense, love unconfined,
 A love for earth's rich scenes—the sky above—
 Disinterested love for all mankind—
 For every thing that dwells above the sod,
 Besides a purer, holier love for God.

LXI.

I mark the babe as budding into life,
 The pledge of sealed affection, with it grows
 A hallowed love that smooths the deepest rife
 Of worldly toil—a parent only knows
 This kind of love—it draws the heart strings close,
 And seems to drink from every fount that flows.

LXII.

I mark the soldier as he bids "Farewell,"
 And turns away, but not with tearful eye
 From home—his manly heart doth swell,
 His grief is deep and silent—not a sigh
 Breaks from his spell-bound lips—he's gone
 To join his country's cause—Love speeds him on.

LXIII.

I mark the sainted spirit in its station.
 Bow to the throne of God and lift above,
 A silent voice of humble adoration,
 And mingled accents of "redeeming love,"
 Around the heart its gentle folds entwine,
 This is the purest love--a love divine.

LXIV.

But there are other Loves, a love to hear
 The deep-toned thunders rolling through the sky,
 The wild winds revelling in mad-career,
 The storm-torn ocean bursting up on high,
 The cloud piled thunders of the avalanche leap,
 The lasting murmurs of the cataract's sleep.

LXVI.

We love to hear the church bell's distant peal,
 The gentle splashing of the water-fall,
 The softest strains of music o'er us steal
 With magic sweetness, and may well recall
 Those pleasant walks in Eden's flowery grove,
 Where all around was music, peace and love.

LXVI.

But 'twill not do for me to designate,
 Lest I should weary patience and the muse,
 How many kinds there are I cannot state,
 But all may have as many as they choose,
 "There is a time for all things," Proverbs sing,
 Love is like time there's one for every thing.

LXVII.

Love is personified as being human,
 Sometimes it "smiles" at others it may "weep"
 'Tis "kind" or "cruel"—not unlike a woman,
 Always admired most when fast asleep:
 Love is a "little boy" that knows no rule,
 He "laughs at locksmiths" and he plays the fool.

LXVIII.

Love is to men what physic is to women,
 It kills to cure and sometimes cures to kill,
 More like sea-sickness among old seamen,
 Avoided more by habit than by skill:
 Love is like wedlock as the poets sing,
 At best or worst it is a "ticklish thing."

LXIX.

Man cannot love but once, I've heard it said,
 'Tis false by heaven! the world can plainly prove,
 We bury feelings with the lowly dead,
 But cherish others which as well can love :
 Man has a fount of love within his breast,
 That ebbs and flows and never is at rest.

LXX.

There are degrees of love of the same kind,
 The same as we find in all other things,
 A handsome picture pleases most the mind,
 And so the heart to some more fondly clings
 Than it may cling to others—but I must dash on,
 And plainly show that man's “The Child of Passion.”

LXXI.

Hope! blest, immortal Hope! thou fountain pure,
 Of everlasting springs! drink we of thee,
 As at Castalia—thirst and drink once more,
 Nor yet are ever quenched—'tis hallowed glee,
 To bathe in thy intoxicating streams,
 And sport in fancy as in pleasant dreams.

LXXII.

Light of the future! source of joy divine,
 Star of the soul's bright thoughts! a kindly ray,
 While we refresh our spirits at thy shrine,
 Shed o'er our path and light our darkened way :
 Fond pledge of Heaven! lend thy soothing voice,
 And teach our hearts to worship and rejoice.

LXXIII.

The voice of Hope steals o'er the expectant soul,
 Like dying music of celestial spheres,
 Binds up the heart and makes the broken whole,
 Dispels our doubts and all intruding fears :
 The messenger of peace, we hail its light,
 As doth the seaman hail the star of night.

LXXIV.

The voice of Hope on the desponding heart,
 Breaks a new hemisphere of golden light,
 Which floods the mind, while all its scenes impart
 To the astounded soul a strange delight,
 Full, free, and rapturous, the height of bliss,
 It swells the heart with perfect happiness.

LXXV.

Hope as an anchor holds the soul secure.

Though round it rage the elements of death,
 Though flood and flame and deep affliction pour,
 In thick fold tempest—while remains a breath,
 There is within the heart a source of joy,
 That nothing here on earth can e'er destroy.

LXXVI.

Hope is the talisman to future bliss,

Hope is the Christian's polar star to Heaven,
 Hope is the seaman's pledge of happiness,
 While o'er the sea he's tempest tossed and driven.
 Go ask the captive in his galling chains,
 If yet with him the joy of Hope remains.

LXXVII.

Go ask the murderer in his midnight cell—

Go ask the patient on his dying bed,
 Through the dim glare of life he feels the spell,
 That Hope's enchantment throws around his head:
 He lifts his fainting voice, his dying eyes,
 And says, "I have a home of brighter skies."

LXXVIII.

We hope for life even in its latest hour,
 We hope for health when sickness fast draws near,
 We hope for freedom when in slavery's power,
 We hope for courage when assailed by fear;
 We hope for all the sweetest joys of life,
 When most afflicted with its deepest strife.

LXXIX.

When lovers meet to part, bliss crowns their meeting,
 Because when met, bliss ever is imparting
 A joyous smile to cheer their social greeting;
 But when they part 'tis Hope that crowns their parting,
 For then they hope in love to meet again,
 'To part no more in pleasure or in pain.

LXXX.

Oh! such a meeting lovers do enjoy,
 When in each other's fond embrace united,
 To part no more forever—no alloy
 Hath mingled with the vows they early plighted,
 Hope, budding Hope hath stayed their youthful hearts,
 And now its full fruition free imparts.

LXXXI.

But that is not my subject, what's the odds ?
 We must fill up with something good or bad,
 Be what it may—the times, (the times ! ye gods !)
 Will justify a book of “prose run mad :”
 A book of anything and writer too,
 Such justifying times I never knew.

LXXXII.

We hope for better, ha ! 'tis well applied,
 We always hope for better, ne'er for worse,
 Hope is a passion which when once denied,
 Demands its claim more strongly than at first ;
 For proof of what I say make but a trial,
 You'll find that Hope will never take denial.

LXXXIII.

Hope speeds the hand to execute the will,
 Hope measures out the poet's humble verse,
 Hope never fails his head and heart to fill,
 But very seldom fills his empty purse :
 The reason's plain enough when understood,
 There's only Hope for every thing that's good.

LXXXIV.

But here's to Hope a wish and let it go,
 Blest be its smiles and cheering be its light,
 Free as the breath of Heaven may it flow
 To every heart that shall its joys invite:
 Comfort divine! While age on age shall roll,
 Thou art supremely welcome to the soul.

LXXXV.

Man is “The Child of Passion,” in his eye
 Showeth a spirit more than bird or brute
 Hath in them—a spirit that can never die,
 The seal of Heaven—God did execute
 That wondrous seal no other hand beside,
 Could rest upon such work of finished pride.

LXXXVI.

He walks erect! mark his proud step! a tone
 Of passion breaks beneath each manly tread,
 That speaks a living soul, whose throne
 Of mental glory is within the head:
 An intellect divine to him 'tis given,
 A ray of brightness from the throne of Heaven.

LXXXVII.

Lord of the earth! how lofty is thy brow,
 Thy form is god-like, passion is thy steed
 To bear thee onward—in thy midnight vow
 Lift thy pure thoughts, and let thy tongue speak meed
 Of Him, who made thee thus and placed thee here,
 To dwell and govern in thy destined sphere.

LXXXVIII.

Thine is a happy lot—the wild beasts roam
 O'er the wide fields and seek their pleasure there,
 They have no home—where's pleasure without home?
 They cannot pray—where's pleasure without prayer?
 To them no open intercourse is given,
 But man! thou hast an intercourse with Heaven.

LXXXIX.

Tho' years on years, and age on age hath fled,
 Yet man hath pleasure in them, for they bind
 His heart to scenes that are forever dead,
 By the fast impress which they leave behind;
 Our thoughts run back into eternal space,
 And dwell with rapture on each well known face.

XC.

'Tis Memory that wakes our earliest day,
 In which our infant mind did love to dwell—
 But is it Memory that brings in play
 Those hallowed feelings with their magic spell?
 Oh no! there is a charm of wide control,
 That melts with angel sweetness o'er the soul.

XCI.

The social streams that flow from heart to heart,
 Like tributaries from the east and west,
 All centering in one, ne'er fail to impart
 A tide of fellow-feeling to the breast,
 The smile and kiss that taught us first to love,
 Hath left a seal that time can ne'er remove.

XCII.

Man seeketh pleasure: all his studied art
 And skill of thought, are but a common source
 To guide it to his home—the human heart,
 To gather in its streams, unites its force,
 And with its channels ever open wide,
 Seeks to indraw an over-flowing tide.

XCHI.

There's cruel Envy which I here name first,
 Not that I think it quite as bad as Malice,
 But then they both are members of the worst
 Of passions that pour poison in Life's chalice;
 And Anger blind and deep Revenge and Hatred,
 And Jealousy of which 'tis best to get rid.

XCIIV.

Hope, Joy, Love, Grief, Ambition, Courage, Pride,
 Fear, Disappointment, all within the breast,
 And many others here unnamed reside,
 To give to every sense the keenest zest;
 Some pleasurable swell the gayest heart,
 And others painful, fiercest pangs impart.

XCV.

Man is “The Child of Passion,” or 'tis better
 To say of Passions, since we find so many;
 But let it pass—'tis folly here to fetter
 The meaning of the title, if it has any
 Meaning—for when I wrote I had in mind,
 The general passion of the human kind.

XCVI.

'Tis now too late to alter what is said,
 So title rest—if thou art right or wrong,
 Time will determine—no, but then instead
 Of time—the eye that scans my simple song,
 The critics eye its errors may determine ;
 But what are critics ?—literary vermin.

XCVII.

On ! to the end, prose, poetry or rhyme,
 Whate'er you are or what you seem to be ;
 Byron had his, and now I'll have my time,
 Of seeing verse condemned—'tis best to see
 Our errors shunned and our faults explained,
 At least there's nothing lost if nothing gained.

XCVIII.

Rush critics to the feast, if you're inclined,
 Here's my first offering, approve, condemn,
 Or what you think is best, I hope to find
 For all your varied tastes a loud Amen !
 Feast, revel, banquet while you find to eat,
 For 'tis but seldom that you get a treat.

XCIX.

Put up thy harp, my Muse ! thy task is o'er,
 Perchance 'twere better it had ne'er been strung,
 But be it so or be it not, there's more
 For thee to sing than e'er has yet been sung,
 Content to know if in one wrong I've blundered,
 I'll blunder on until I make a hundred.

C.

Blest theme of ages ! as I first begun
 To tune my feeble lay so shall I end,
 I give thee to the world thy race to run,
 May Heaven speed thee and may truth defend !
 'Tis vain to sigh for every worldly fashion,
 But man is what he is, "The Child of Passion."

Errata.—Page 20, v. 41, second line from the bottom, for *away it*,
 read *array it*.
 Page 26, v. 58, second line from the top, for *partial* read *patrial*.

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